Thy ſober *Autumn* fading into age,
And pale concluding *Winter* comes at laſt,
And ſhuts the ſcene; Ah! whither now are fled,
Thoſe dreams of *Greatneſs?* thoſe unſolid hopes
Of *Happineſs?* thoſe longings after *Fame?*
Thoſe reſtleſs Cares? thoſe buſy buſtling Days?
Thoſe gay-ſpent feſtive Nights? thoſe veering thoughts,
Loſt between good and ill, that ſhar'd thy life?
All now are vaniſh'd! RELIGION ſole ſurvives,
Immortal, never failing friend of man,
His guide to happineſs on high.

A young perſon on his death bed being aſked whether he had any comfort in the near views of launching out of time into eternity, replied "Yes, he had," and

and on being aſked what gave him comfort? Immediately repeated, with great pleaſure, the following beautiful lines from Sir Richard Blackmore's poem on the creation:

Thy force alone Religion! death diſarms,
Breaks all her darts and every viper charms;
Soften'd by thee the grizly form appears,
No more the horrid object of our fears,
We undiſmay'd the awful power obey,
Which guides us thro' the ſafe but gloomy way
That leads to life, and to that bleſt abode
Where Saints enjoy what here they own'd—A GOD.

BOB SHORT *The Country 'Squire* LONDON, 1781 HASKOLL COLLECTION, THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY Octavo